MRS. REDMOND'S SHAME

In The Star's Fiction Series by American Authors.

BY MAXIMILIAN FOSTER.

The Author: Maximilian Foster.

Maximilian Foster says of himself that he only writes when there is no fishing! And fishing is more than a hobby with him, for he has invented a fly that is not only a winner in snaring trout, but has equal merit in catching salmon.

As a result of a desire to support himself by writing, he joined the newspaper world for the reason that he believed that the newspapers supplied the best experience.

Mr. Foster's first story, 10,000 words in length and sold to the Atlantic Monthly, was written entirely at night in a newspaper office. He was doing rewrite work at the time, and would write down a page of that and then turn to a page of his own story. It was a long and laborious job. but after that first success he sold many stories to the Atlantic Monthly.

He has written much fiction which has appeared in all the leading magazines, but at present all of his work is scheduled far ahead by three of the largest publications in the

During the time we were in the great war he was United States correspondent abroad. Mary Stewart Cutting, Jr

T KAS a quarter to 8 that door of Redmond's bedroom ed. In the same haste he hurried was all there was to it-late at breakfast; and as he reached the stairs, brisked along, his absorbent, someof concern not unmixed with guilt. "Dear, dear!" he chuckled.

To be late at one's own breakfast table is, of course, not so heinous an quired. offense; but, as Redmond's haste denoted, the case here was different. briefly. wife. At any rate, in the life, the stared at the woman. career she had made for herself, Mrs. Redmond long had found it necessary to regulate her day to a schedule every minute of which was actively employed. She was, in fact, that Myrta Redmond whose prominence as president of the women's state civic federation was statewide, if not national; and with the demands this and her other activities made upon her, it was only reasonable that Red mond should do nothing to conflict with her appointed plans. He was, it seems, the minor official of an insurance company in the city.

An absorbed and reticent, selfeffacing person. Redmond seldom if ever came in contact with his wife's official life. Even if he had, however, it's unlikely that he would have made much of an impression on her wide circle of acquaintances, her social and political associates. Among neonle of affairs, the selected active set that surrounded Myrta Redmond, he would have been adjudged obscure. perhaps ineffectual-in a word, one they termed "domestic."

betrayed his unfitness; and propelled from one embarrassing blunder into another, the ladies, his wife's associates and herself included, had diplomatically relieved him of the place. Afterward, if ever he appeared at one of the gatherings presided over by Mrs. Redmond, it was audience-that, or in the back of the convention hall he was to be seen hovering dimly-a shy and silent figure, mutely distributing the handthe dodgers and other "literature" Myrta Redmond had caused to

A mere husband" was Mrs. Hattie Farrell Tupper's term for him. She was vice president of the civic federation and a close political associate of Mrs. Redmond's. It is perhaps shocking, though, to reflect that the term she used fitted. Obscure and self-effacing, John Redmond filled the bill. A "mere" husband! He essentially was that.

The hall downstairs was long and spacious. It was, in fact, in character with all the house-spacious not only but even vast. However, though there were only these two to occupy it-they, John Redmond and his wife too, had its explanation. Space-or, as Mysta termed it, "scope naturally, and it was for this the house had been selected—a habitation But then, this air or largeness, of size of the structure itself. The furnishings-that or, rather, the lack of them, accented this; and as Redmond hastened along the hall, the sight of its present bare emptiness conscience, a stab. Tonight a meeting, a committee caucus, was to be held. Myrta's candidacy and her campaign for a state office were to be discussed; and already the man-ofall-work, prompt at the task, had begun to move out the chairs, the tables and other furnishings. Later, they would be replaced by rows of folding stools chartered from the local undertaker.

Redmond's concern grew more evident. He was still hurrying, but as he reached the breakfast room and stepped inside, he stopped

"Hello!" he exclaimed. The breakfast room was vacant. Mrs. Redmond was neither there nor as it appeared, had she already breakfasted and gone; and staring at

THE day was one of vital impor-I tance to his wife. At 8 p.m. the caucus would be called; and from now till then every moment of her time would be taken-planning, arranging, seeing fellow members, marshaling all her forces for the night. The office she sought was that of state supervisor-the peak, the apex to all her present activities and ambitions;

easy victory. Already opposition had reared its head; and his air questioning, his astonishment growing on him, Redmond hurriedly drew out his

He had made no mistake, however It was a quarter to 8-fifteen minutes past the hour; and again Redmond shot a glance at his wife's vacant place. The night before he had not seen Mrs. Redmond, though in that itself was nothing strange. They occupied separate rooms-he and Mrs. Redmond: and in her full, active life his wife was frequently out at night long after he had gone to bed. What was strange was that, on a day to her so vital, Myrta Redmond should let time dwindle be-

He was still standing there, watch in hand and wondering, when the pantry door opened, and a 'gaunt, angular figure in cap and apron ap peared. It was a maid, the Redonds' waitress.

"You're late," she greeted abruptly,

Redmond knew he was. That, however, did not concern him now. Neither was he the more concerned in the maid's brusque abruptness. Normally, of his own choice, Redmond would have preferred a different, less thin-lipped, sere and flint-eyed Hebe to serve him his repasts; but Mrs. Redmond, naturally, had made the choice. The woman, Harriet Lipp, was a protege of hers, a fragment, in fact, of that human social wreckage Myrta Redmond, in part with her career, made it a habit to snatch from troubled waters and relaunch again in life. The waitress, in fact owed not only her present place to morning-a full fifteen minutes Mrs. Redmond: she owed also her past the usual hour-when the liberty to her, Mrs. Redmond's influence with the state pardon board opened and Redmond hastily emerg- having obtained Harriet Lipp's release from a three-year sentence in toward the stairs. He was late, that the penitentiary. As Mrs. Redmond, however, had pointed out, it was for a crime of violence, not one of ignoble his eyes on the hall clock as he meanness or stealth, for which Harriet had been convicted; but of this what boyish face wore on it a look distinction, a difference, in Mrs. Redmond's view. Redmond was not think-

ing now. "Where's your mistress?" he in-"Upstairs," the woman answered

The reply, too, was as blunt, as Time—and with it promptness—
naturally concerned a woman as brusque as it was brief: and, his disactive and influential as Redmond's taste for her growing, Redmond "When is Mrs. Redmond coming

down?" he asked. Harriet Lipp's air did not alter. "She ain't," she answered, and Red. mond started.

"Ehe's breakfasting abed," said Harriet Lipp.

"In bed?" Redmond echoed. "Uh huh," repeated Harriet Lipp.

WONDERING, vaguely perturbed now, Redmond wandered to the though, that Redmond should breakfast alone. Often, in her full, active life, Mrs. Redmond was up and away even before he had come downstairs. when her official duties, public affairs called her entirely from her home. But now-Mrs. Redmond breakfasting

A woman's trick, that-breakfast in bed. It was a trick, too-a woman's once in his wife's career, though fore would have scorned. The soft, it was only once, Redmond had appeared as honorary secretary of a meeting Mrs. Redmond had convened, womankind, Mrs. Redmond instincthe original appointee having sec- tively and contemptuously disdained. tressing attack of migraine. His shy a confession of sex-of the weakness embarrassment, however-his ignor- a confession of sex involved. The ance, too, of the mere fundamentals parity of the sexes-the abolition of parliamentary law-at once had rather, of all sex-that was Mrs. Red-

the maid. "Bring me my eggs and

Something had happened, he saw way. Redmond, in fact, in the twelve in the role merely of one of the years of his married life, had grown, if only subconsciously, too familiar with his wife's ways, her habitude, not to sense that something unusual had occurred to her. Its indications, however, were not merely the othertrivial circumstance of her somewhat complacent self-restraint, a hint of nerves, of temperament-s reaction as if she labored under some secret weight, a burden. Uneasy, now, a frown puckered on his brow What had troubled her, he wondered,

-Myrta in her active life needed what virtually was a double resuitably roomable for committee that he, to all intents and purposes meetings, for cacuses and the like. ran the household as well. Of that, was due not entirely to the other calls on Mrs. Redmond, there merged in her growing prominencepricked him with another thrust of the added task John Redmond had shouldered as if a duty, his.

> With Myrta, yes-not just Mrs Redmond. You understand, no doubt. In other words, there were in Red- my way is best. You'll go with have ap rospective groom and his mond's mind two figures, always two: Myrta, first; then, well, the other, Mrs. Redmond. The two were vividly distinct. Myrta, the one he'd married, had (to him) never changed; she still was the one, the same; but the other, the Mrs. Redmond who'd taken his name, still was using it-



THERE WAS A MOVEMENT AMONG THE PILLOWS, SHARP, VEHEMENT, VISIBLY EMPHATIC.

moment gave to it. In trouble-if if Myrta needed help . . .

opened; and the woman, Harriet raced into his mind . . . politics . . . hers as well. They fought with the demanded. Lipp, stalked forth. schemes . . . plots for place, for same tools as the men's. But if Harriet

from his chair when the pantry door what was it? A hundred thoughts women, Mrs. Redmond's associates,

compromised herself? Unwitting, had his chair, he rose abruptly.

He sat there, mooning. The Lipp she let hersedf into something ugly? she were-Mrs. Redmond was not woman had withdrawn; and his eggs Vague stories, sinister whispers of merely Mrs. Redmond. He was a grew cold within the cup. Mulling it politics, public affairs, leaped into his door, at once shoved it open. husband-yes; and instinctively to over, his thoughts were now going at remembrance. Her ambitions he him she became transformed. She full tilt, galloping. In the way with knew. He knew, too, that she—that was Myrta; and as Myrta, his wife, those who moon, who mull, one thing is, Mrs. Redmond—would make no ran into another, piling up in magni- distinction in methods. "In politics kin on the cloth. He looked at the her voice, its note, as before, still Redmond, startled, had half risen tude. If something really was wrong, no sex!" was the watchword of these figure in the doorway.

Harriet Lipp, as if her eve had been glued to the crack in the pantay "Say! You ain't et y'r breakfus'!

she barked. Redmond had flung down his nap-"What did your mistress say?" he

Harriet Lipp's eyes narrowed defensively.

"Say when?" she countered "This morning—just now!" rapped Redmond, his temper rising. "Is she

L'ELLOWS 1.

"Then why isn't she coming down?"

With direct finality, the woman answered him. "She's a-breakfustin' a-bed," said Harriet Lipp.

That ended it. For a long moment afterward, the hard-featured maid stood there at the pantry door, one hand at her breast, her face strained as she gazed after him. A breath escaped her. The mystery of all this, though, was not was at the stairway, hurrying

MRS. REDMOND'S room was at the front of the house, on the floor above. For years-four years now. nearly five-she and her husband had occupied separate rooms. As Red-mond reached the door he paused. His hand uplifted, he made as if to knock, then desisted. Standing there, he put one ear to the panel and listened.

It was only for an instant, though. The next instant, without even the formality of a knock, he thrust open the door and stepped inside. "Myrta!" he exclaimed.

She lay there among the coverings of the bed, her back to him; and as he entered, calling to her, she did not move. Along the pillows the masses of her thick, silky hair, likes ropes of burnished copper, lay strewn; and above the counterpane a limp, slender arm, girlishly rounded and pink, revealed itself. She was still youngwoman only a year or so over thirty; and now, as Redmond looked at her, her figure among the coverings seemed appealingly slight and youthful. More than that, though, in ts supine pose at the moment there was a suggestion of laxity, of helpless dejection that he was quick to

"Myrta!" he cried again. She answered him then. It was, however. Mrs. Redmond rather than the Myrta he called who spoke. Nor did she turn. From among the pillows her voice rose formal and preise-the voice of Mrs. Redmond, the public woman's voice.

"What is it?" she inquired. Redmond paused midway across the room. His air, its look, eager and anxious, altered too.

"You all right?" he questioned A pause. She still did not turn. and in the pause he stirred uncomfortably. Then from the bed came

"All right? . . . Why do you ask, Uncertainly, he took a step toward

"Why, you see, you didn't come to your breakfast," he faltered. Again she replied, this time with a change, a note of petulance in her

"I'm breakfasting here," she said. "I know-but the meeting-to-night's-your time," he faltered Another pause. Then from the pil-

if, with the effort, ponderously. "There is to be no meeting," said Mrs. Redmond.
"What?" interrogated Redmond.

lows the reply. It came slowly-as

The Jeweler's Guess Is Wrong When the Young Man Returns for the Final Selection of a Betrothal Token stirred among the pillows. "I have called it off-conceled it." Perplexed, he ruffled up his brows.

"You have postponed it?" he inquired. There was again a movement

mong the pillows-sharp, vehement, isibly emphatic. "I have told you once," Mrs. Red- anew. "You're like all men, all you

t?" she uttered crisply. "Myrta!" exclaimed Redmond. Swiftly he hastened to the bed. In the same haste, the alert alarm bred

of his concern for her, he laid a hand tops.

"Myrta! . . . My dear!"

"Let me alone, pray!" Mrs. Redmond directed annoyedly. The hand on her shoulder she shook away. With the same movement she drew the coverings about her. This, too, she did with a cold, formal deliberation whose dignity was unmis-

takeable. Now, however, wonder, trepidation too, had the better of Redmond; and he missed the majestic

rancor of the gesture. "Myrta, what's wrong? What's happened? Tell me!" he cried. She turned then, momentarily tense, her features vital with the emotion

she still strove to repress. Her voice harsh, she spoke-Mrs. Redmond. "You, of course, would not under-

stand. It's ended-that's all," she said. Redmond gaped. "Ended? . . . What's ended?" "Everything-for the time, anyvay," she replied. "I'm done for.

that's enough, isn't it?" "Done for? Her lip for an instant curved bitterly.

"You heard me!" she returned "You don't suppose for a moment, do you, that I could run now for that office?" She laughed harshly. year?" She laughed again, the laugh more rasping; and his jaw dropping, agape, Redmond stared at her. "Myrta!"

Among the pillows she again gave her shoulders a shrug. "Bah! . . . Fancy facing those women now."

THE women she meant he knew. I They were those other women, her associates-public women like Mrs. Redmond herself. Why, however, she could not face them Redmond had yet to grasp. Startled, he caught swiftly at his breath. Then, as he stared down at her, the thought, the suspicion already that morning engendered in his mind, saw in her strained, embittered face the answering echo, an affirmative.

"Myrta," said Redmond, his voice thick, "what have you done?

She looked up at him sharply, tossing from her brow the thick, bronzed masses of her hair. "What! You mean you don't-don't

inderstand?" "What's wrong, Myrta? Tell me," said Redmond stoutly. "I'll help you. I'll stand by you, dear." It it's trouble

-if even it's a wrong-"Wrong?" "Yes, if even shame-

He got no further. A laugh, sharp and intolerantly bitter and disgusted came from among the pillows. caught Redmond midway in his words, and left him, like a stranded fish, gasping impotently.

"You dolt, you numscull!" said Mrs. Redmond She told him then. It was to Redmond, too, the news was-as if she,

Mrs. Redmond, had reached from the bed and felled him to the floor. He stood riveted. Then into his face, his eyes, leaped the light, transfiguring like a swift burst of sunshine through a cloud.
"Myrta!" he thrilled. Radiant,

quivering to his feet, had he dared he would have reached down and

gathered her to his arms. He dared not, though. It was Mrs. Redmond, her face distorted with the bitterness of her defeated ambitions, that gazed up at him from among the pillows.

"Pshaw!" she said, her lip curled mond said as sharply; "there is to husbands. That's all you think be no meeting. That is enough, isn't about!" She gave her shoulders another disgusted "Go away; leave me. I want to sleep," she said.

Redmond went. It was as if he went, too, treading the mountain

FAMOUS OLD SONGS

-Auld Lang Syne-

NCE Robert Burns first wrote lop and is beyond all question in the than any other, melody in all the mond.

a pretense of melody from the lips of the hammer." of those who thought they could, but could not, sing; and yet through all of its use the old melody of sweetness has run like a golden thread. Like so many songs which have old as the years pass by, this banfrom another source.

This old song has gone through many changes as the years pass by. For instance, two copies are her presented from different sources-the first from Graham's "Songs of Scotland" and the latter from "The House-

Eighteenth Century. For auld lang syne, my jo. For auld lang syne; Let's hae a waught o' Maisga. For auld lang syne.

Nineteenth Century. Should auld acquaintance be forgot, For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne,; We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet

WHEN Henry Stevens bought in granite rock on a hillside in the London the original manuscript Island of Ushigakubi, or the "Cow's of the Burns poem and brought it to Head," in the inland sea of Seto. this country he wrote to a friend, J. L. Pruyn, in Albany, N. Y., a letter, be 240 feet long, 60 feet longer than from which this extract is made: "My dear Sir: Light be the turf on considerably larger than the Sphynx the breast of the heaven-inspired in Egypt. poet who composed this glorious Nichiren, whose name means "Lotus fragment!" So wrote Burns on the of the Sun," was a religious teacher,

the famous "Auld Lang Syne" autograph of Burns. Placed beside that song has been sung at it is a characteristic letter of the more social gatherings and poet, dated February, 1788, bearing his knitted more intimate friendships signature and addressed to Dr. Rich-

"The autograph of 'Auld Lang Syne' It has been sung by the sober and was for many years in the possession, by the intoxicated of all nations; old of William Pickering, the publisher, pledges of good fellowship have been and after his death it fell under renewed and new faiths in comrade- Sotheby's hammer in 1855. 'For ship cemented. It has been the out- America' were the only words of the burst of faith fulness. It has been auctioneer that accompanied the fall * * * *

As stated before, this famous old melody has undergone many changes as to the wording, but nothcome to stay and which never grow ing has been lost of its sweetnesss and its pledges of unfailing friendquet song of the world makes no ship. The popular version now used

Should auld acquaintance be forgot Should auld acquaintance be forgot And days of auld lang syne?

We twa ha'e run a boot the brace And pu'd the gowans fine, But we've wander'd many a weary foot Since and lang syne

We twa ha'e sported i' the burn Frae mor'in sun till dine, But seas between us braid ha'e roared Bince days of auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty friend, And gie a hand o' thine; We'll take a cup o' kindness yet

For auld lang syne. For auld lang syne, my dear.

For auld lang ayne; We'll take a cup o' kindness yet For aud lang syae.

Largest Statue.

TT is reported from Japan that there is being carved there the largest statue in the world. It is a recumbent effigy of Nichiren, a Japanese

patron saint, cut from a natural

granite rock on a hillside in the This stone image, it appears, will the sleeping Buddha at Segu, and

17th of December, 1788, to his friend, who lived in the thirteenth century. Mrs. Dunlop, whom he would make At one time he was condemned to believe that 'Auld Lang Syne' came death, but the headman's sword, the fra smither han'. It is now acknowl- Japanese say, "was unable to de-edged to have been based 'on an old capitate him." One of his presentsong,' but it received its fire from day worshipers, a very wealthy Japanese, is bearing the expense of hav-"A fragment containing "Auld Lang ing the huge stone carved in honor



BY J. A. WALDRON. HEY kissed to seal the engagement, John's salute be- in itself." ing emphasized by the warmth of his embrace. And this time. "Tomorrow is Saturday. Bess, drawing herself partly away. I am not going to the office. I'll looked at him lovingly. "Now, darling," said he, "nothing

happier day but a ring." patent from her air of expectancy. "And you shall go with me to select it, dearest," he added. "I know urement of a finger to be sure of a thing of surprise. And others get a That expert gentleman was very graring haphazard, and if it doesn't clous after reading John's letter of in-

"Oh, how thoughtful of you, John, dear!", She put up her lips again. "If I were a millionaire, or the son of a millionaire, I should have diamonds these days, my young brought you the finest ring to be friends," he remarked as he deftly had after I had in some way measured your finger without seeming to

your asking me to go with you to fingers. "May I try it?" pick out a ring is a great compliment

"Thank you!" He initiated the kiss call for you early, and we will have

THE next morning John and Bess I visited the wholesale jeweler. fit, the girl has to have it fixed. But trduction. It was quite unusual to flancee as visitors on such an errand. The jeweler studied them with

keen interest as he set a sparkling tray before them. "Diamonds are nicked a solitaire from the tray. "Here is a ring that was \$150 before "But how much is it now?" John

"It is a pretty ring, if one hadn't seen this!" Handing the better ring back to the jeweler, she gingerly took the 'This fits also!"

"Why not?" suggested the jeweler. married!" "Perhaps," replied John. Bess had taken off the second ring, and handed it to the jeweler.

thousand-dollar stone-after you're

"I have such a stock-so many that seem just alike to one not expertthat I can put both of these aside, say said the jeweler, inhaling proudly. for a week, until you make up your minds, my young friends." "Oh, 'can you?" asked Bess. "Mighty accommodating of you

and shook his head.

sir," said John. "We shall think it "Cheaper? I have everything—all prices, my young friend." And the A cut arm in arm, their steps were less buoyant and their faces more serious than when they entered. The jeweler looked after them curiously.

A week later, to a day, John came brilliant. "Here is one for \$175. A in to the jewer alone and smiling. "I am taking the cheaper ring," he said. "Ah! I congratulate you, young man! That means something quite important to you as a married man. You are very clever—a young diplomat, I should guess!"

"What do you mean?" "I mean this," said the jeweler, other, and half-heartedly tried it. producing both rings: "Any young man who can show a girl two rings

claim to literary merit. It is simply in the song books is as follows: a repetition of sentimental lines, whose lack of real merit is made up

hold Book of Poetry." Should suld acquaintance be forgot, And new though upon? Let's hae a waught o' Malaga,

And never brought to min Should suld acquaintance be forgot. And days o' lang syne? For auld lang ayne. * * * *

Syne' is part of a letter to Mrs. Dun- of the saint.

her empty place, Redmond's astonishment grew.

her present activities and amoutions; A more instantial with surprises."

"Isn't it lovely!" exclaimed Hess, | within your means, young man, rerained with surprises."

and, as Redmond knew too, her Well, the term fitted well enough. It with surprises."

"Of course, dear—I know. And as she took it from the jeweler's haps later you can buy the lady a got another girl."

"There's y'r eggs," she pronounced. power . . . With women, women didn't Myrta . Redmond resumed his seat. To differ much from men. Politics, too, Myrta he could have flown offering aid. To Mrs. Redmond—well, that Had she done something? Had she plosive, escaped him. Shoving back JOHN'S DIPLOMAC

table. In the same wonder, he drew out a chair and seated himself, the maid watching him with hard, aggressive eyes. It was nothing new, There were days, too, often weeks, No, to be alone was nothing new. in bed. That was new-yes.

THAT, indeed, was the word. True, trick-of a sort that Myrta heretocumbed at the final moment to a dis- To her they meant but one thing-

> mond's watchword. "Here!" Redmond said sharply to

He sat there, staring at his hands. that; something visibly out of the breakfasting in bed. Of late he had noted in his wife's usual calm, her

his uneasiness gaining ground. It was rarely, if ever, now, in these later years, that Mrs. Redmond confided in the man she'd married. Between the two, it was as if the usual marital situation had become reversed—he, not she, the dependent; she the master hand. The change, however-if such had happened-was not just equitable; for Redmond-if he were the inferior-bent under sponsibility-that of the provider, the one who brought in the living; with never mind, however. With all the might have been no household, save that John Redmond had stepped into the breach. He had not complained Overshadowed by his wife-sub-

* * * * HE WAS not thinking of it now. how he himself had become submore is needed to bind us until the merged, thrust inconspicuously into the background of their married life. Wonder still reigned among his thoughts; and in their confusion his mind leaped with a quick informality from one thought to another. It is the way with those who mull things over-solitaries. Something was wrong that some young men get the meas--wrong with Myrta Redmond; and his mind dwelt on that—something wrong fit, but that must take away somewith Myrta.

was only at odd intervals now, brief do so. But I'm a young man without the war." and far apart, that the Myrta he'd too much money, although my prosmarried came back to him. She was pects are very good. And I know still there, though. She was there you love me for myself alone and A "mere" husband, an appendage, the point where I can please you might pay \$350 at a retailer a"

luncheon at some quiet place after we have found the ring. I have s letter to a wholesale jeweler from "A ring. Of course!" That she a close friend of his who insists had already thought of a ring was that I can save the middleman's profit on a ring." "Isn't that fine? You are so clever dear!"

"Two hundred and three-quarters. are willing to wait until I get to And cheap at that, as they run. You

"But it's a bit too-too expensive," said John. "See how it fits! Perfectly! How wonderful!" exclaimed Bess. "I've a great eye for fingers, Miss,"

"But, dear-" John began. "You think it's too much?" she asked him. "I'm afraid so, Bess," Then to the dweler: "Have you something a lit-

jeweler with a lapidary's grace picked out of a mass of brilliance another ring. The setting was quite as imposing as that of the first ring, but the gem was smaller, and thus seemed less

Bess fondled the ring on her finger as she removed it reluctantly.

"That looks good to me, Bess," said

"I knew it would," said the man of like these and induce her to take the gems. "And I'll say this," he added, cheaper will go far in life." with a kindly smile: "Always buy "You're a little off, if you'll excuse "Isn't it levely!" exclaimed Bess, within your means, young man. Per- the expression," replied John. "I've